11682
a 45

#432.a-45

THE NEW

GENERAL SONGSTER,

OR,

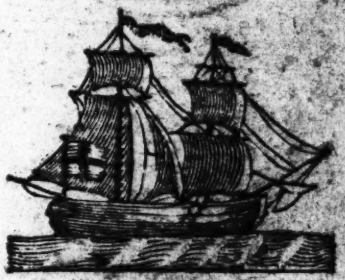
SOCIAL COMPANION;

CONTAINING THE MOST CELEBRATED

SEA SONGS.

With a New Selection of the most approved

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.



NORTH SHIELDS:

Printed by W. BARNES, Bookseller, and Stationer.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SONGS.

The Soldier's Adieu.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a ſoldiers wife,
Thoſe tears but ill become thee:
What though by duty I am called,
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's ſelf might ſtand appalled,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent oriſons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou put'ſt up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving;
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflicts heat,
Assured when on the wings of love
To heaven &c. &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admir'd thee;
I go, assured, my life adieu,
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven, &c.

Every Inch a Sailor.

THE wind blew hard, the ſea ran high,
The dingy ſcud drove croſs the ſky;
All was ſafe ſtow'd, the bowl was ſlung,
While careleſs thus Ned Haulyard ſung:

A Sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whiſtle he can ſing
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ſhip
And toaſts his girl and drinks his ſlip.

Down topſails, boys, the gale comes on,
To ſtrike top gallant yards they run;
And to hand the ſail prepar'd,
Ned chearful ſings upon the yard.

A ſailor's life, &c.

A leak! a leak! come lads behold,
There's five foot water in the hold;

Eager on deck ſee Haulyard jump,
And, ſing, while working at the pump.
A ſailor's life, &c.

And ſee, the veſſel naught can ſave,
She ſtrikes, and finds a wat'ry grave;
Yet Ned preſerv'd, with a few more,
Sings as he treads a foreign ſhore.
A ſailor's life, &c.

And now unnumber'd perils paſt,
On land as well as ſea, at laſt;
In tatters to his Poll and home,
See honeſt Haulyard ſinging come.
A ſailor's life, &c.

Yet, for poor Haulyard what diſgrace,
Poll ſwears ſhe never ſaw his face;
He dams her for a faithleſs ſhe,
And ſinging, goes again to ſea.
A ſailor's life, &c.

Lillies of the Valley.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er ſeas and diſtant ſhores,
With merry ſong and jocund tales,
I've paſt ſome pleaſant hours;
Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find
A girl like blytheſome Sally,
Who picks and culls and cries aloud
Sweet lillies of the valley.

From whiſtling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From neſting of each tree,
I choſe a ſoldier's life to wed,
So ſocial gay and free;
Yet tho' the laſſes love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleaſes me like her who cries
Sweet lillies of the valley.

I'm now return'd, of late diſcharg'd,
To uſe my native toil,
From fighting of my country's foes,
To plough my country's ſoil;
I care not who with either pleaſe,
So I poſſeſs my Sally,
That little merry nymph who cries,
Sweet lillies of the valley.

The Poor Mariner.

THE winds whiſtle ſhrilly, chill rain down was ſtreaming
When from a dark cell, where the ſun ne'er had beam'd in,
Worn out by great age, preſſ'd by hunger & grief
A ſad ſon of Neptune call'd forth for relief.
Give Relief to. give relief to,
O give relief to a poor Mariner.

He tremblingly begg'd as the affluent paſſ'd him
For the poor mite which the benevolent caſt him
When from his dim eyes, hid by darkneſs' thick veil,
The big tear guſh'd forth as he told his ſad tale.
Give relief to, &c

Theſe eyes have oft ſeen the proud ſink before me,
Have ſparkled with joy at the ſignal of glory,
Have ſeen Britain's flag to conqueſt aſpire,
Tho' now loſt in darkneſs, for want I expire.
Give relief to, &c.

Aſſiſt me, he ſaid, the words trembling hung,
In accents moſt piteous on the veteran's tongue.
When the grim King of Terrors his ſufferings regarded,
And ſnatch'd him from hence, to where virtue's rewarded.

Death gave relief, Death gave relief,
Death gave relief to the poor Mariner.

Tho' penury thus ſtabb'd the good and the brav
The bright tear of pity was ſhed o'er his grav
May the ſeamen's hard fate niggard pomp bi
retire,
And merit be cheriſh'd, tho' want be its fire.
Nor by relief like, nor by relief like,
Nor by relief like the poor Mariner.

The Rose.

ARE ye fair like op'ning roſes?
Tender maidens ah! beware!
When its bloom the heart diſcloſes,
Love will find a dwelling there;
Prudence then in vain oppoſes,
Youth is never wiſe as fair.

The Thrifty Wife.

AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a married man
And in this age of folly purſue a ſaving plan,
ho' wives are thought expenſive, yet, who can
live alone?
hen ſince they are dear creatures, 'tis beſt to
have but one;
y choice diſcovers clearly my prudence and my
taſte,
e a very little wife with a very little waiſt.

arriage is a draught we take for better or for
worſe,
d wife is he who can prevent the draughts
upon his purſe;
t evils are much leſſen'd, when wives are well
inclin'd,
r though they come acroſs us, they ſhape them
to our mind:

If matters are well manag'd no need to be ſtra
lac'd,
You may with little danger increaſe the little wa

Tho' ſpouſy's ſo diſcreet ſtill each paſſion ſhe
diſplay,
Her boſom heaven bleſs her, is as open as the da
Her garment (may I venture a new ſimilie to beg
Hangs looſely from her ſhoulder, like a gow
upon a peg,
Yet, fearful of expences, ſhe ſhortens it tho' ſma
And if ſhe goes on ſhort'ning there'll be
waſte at all.

Bill Bobſtay.

TIGHT lads have I ſail'd with but none e'e
ſo ſightly,
As honeſt Bill Bobſtay, ſo kind and ſo true,

He'd ſing like a mermaid, and foot it ſo lightly,
The forecaſtle's pride, the delight of the crew
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
He went thro' his fortune, was kind without end,
For money cries Bill, and them there ſort of matters
What's the good on't d'ye ſee, but to ſuccour a friend.

There's Nipcheeſe the purſer, by grinding and ſqueezing,
Firſt plund'ring, then leaving the ſhip like a rat
The eddy of fortune ſtands on a ſtiff breeze in,
And mounts fierce as fire, a dog vane in his hat
My bark, tho' hard ſtorms on life's ocean ſhould rock her,
Tho' ſhe roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end.

No never ſhall Bill keep a ſhot in the locker,
When by handing it out he can ſuccour a
friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry ſpite o
the croſſes,
And forgetful of toil they ſo hardly had bor
That, "ſailors at ſea earn their money like horſe
"To ſquander it idly like aſſes on ſhore"
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up woul
they meaſure
By their feelings, the gen'rous delight with
out end,
That gives birth in us tars to that trueſt of plea
The handing our rhino, to ſuccour a friend.

Why what's all this nonſenſe, they talk of an
pother,
All about rights of man, what a plague are the

f they mean that each man to his meſſmate's a
brother,
Why, the lubberly ſwabs, ev'ry fool can tell that,
he rights of us Britons we know to be loyal
In our country's defence our laſt moments to
ſpend,
o fight up to the ears to protect the blood Royal,
To be true to our wives—and ſuccour a friend

The Hardy Sailor.

THE hardy Sailor braves the ocean,
Fearleſs of the raging main,
et his heart with ſoft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love again.

o dread a foreign foe a ſtranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntleſs roam;
larming fears paint every danger,
In a rival left at home.

The Bonny bold Soldier.

I'VE plenty of lovers that ſue me in vain,
My heart is with Willy far over the plain;
For handſome and witty and brave is the ſwain,
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me.
In the trumpet's ſhrill ſound my ſoldier delights
For honour, his king and his country he fights.

I ſhare with his dreſs, in the heart of a beau,
The doctor my pulſe feels, and ne'er takes a fee
The one is pedantic, the other all ſhow;
The bonny bold ſoldier, young Willy for me.
In the trumpet's ſhrill ſound, &c.

The lawyer ſo crafty, I fly from in fear,
The dangling poet I ſhun when I ſee;
Once more, O ye powers, reſtore me my dear,
The bonny bold ſoldier, young Willy for me.
In the trumpet's ſhrill ſound, &c.

Ma Chere Amie.

MA chere amie, my charming fair,
Whoſe ſmiles can baniſh every care;
n kind compaſſion ſmile on me,
Vhoſe only care is love of thee.
Ma chere amie.

Inder ſweet friendſhip's ſacred name,
Ay boſom caught the tender flame;
lay friendſhip in thy boſom be,
onverted into love for me.
Ma chere amie.

ogether rear'd, together grown,
let us now unite in one!
et pity ſoften thy decree!
droop, dear maid; I die for thee!
Ma chere amie.

Britannia, or, The Death of Wolfe.

IN a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia ſat waſted with care;
She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd againſt fate
And gave herſelf up to deſpair.
The walls of her cell ſhe had ſculptur'd around,
With th' exploits of her favourite ſon;
Nay, even the duſt, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with ſome deeds he had done.

The fire of the Gods, from his chryſtaline throne
Beheld the diſconſolate dame,
And mov'd by her tears, ſent Mercury down,
And theſe were the tidings that came:
"Britannia forebear, not a ſigh nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe ſo deſervedly lov'd;
Thy grief ſhall be chang'd into tumults of joy,
For thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.

The ſons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darkſome abodes;
nd, ſuch is the news that in heaven is told,
They are marching to war with the gods.
council was held in the chambers of Jove,
And this was their final decree:
hat Wolfe ſhould be call'd to the army above,
And the charge was entruſted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew;
Wolfe begg'd for a moments delay;
He cry'd "Oh, forbear, let me victory hear,
"And then the commands I'll obey"
With a dark'ning film I encompaſs'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn:
Leſt the love that he bore to his own native ſhore
Might tempt him again to return.

Poor Tom; or, The Sailor's Epitaph.

HERE, a sheer a hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him too:
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blyth and jolly—
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
Tom's life has vainly doff 'd:
For though his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

On the Green Sedgy Banks.

ON the green ſedgy banks of the ſweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carrols in May,
I paſs'd the gay moments with joy and delight;
For peace cheer'd each morn, and content crown'd each night:

Till love taught young hope my youth to deceive
What we wish to be true, love bids us believe.

Where-ever I wander. o'er hill, dale or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with soft tales of love
Euraptur'd he'd press me, then vow with a sigh,
"If Jenny was cruel, alas! he must die,"
A youth so engaging with ease might deceive,
What we wish to be true, love bids us believe.

He stole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn
For peace and content, that ne'er can return:
From the clown to the beau the sex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the
smart;
We join in the fraud. and ourselves we deceive,
What we wish to be true, love bids us believe.

The Gentle Shepherdess.

O'ER moorland and mountains, rude barren and bare,
As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

I told my ſoft wiſhes—ſhe ſweetly replied,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine)
Ye rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me fond ſhepherd I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple yet ſweet were her charms,
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

The Blush of Aurora.

THE bluſh of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew drops be-ſpangle the ſweet ſcented thorn,
Then ſound brother ſportſmen, ſound ſound the gay horn,
Till Phœbus awakens the day,
Till Phœbus, &c.
And ſee now he riſes! in ſplendor how bright!
I O Pean! I O Pean! for Phœbus, for Phœbus the god of delight,
All glorious in beauty now baniſhes night;
Then mount, boys, to horſe and away,
To horſe and away, to horſe and away,
Then mount, &c.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace!
Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,

And in our ſwift courſers what beauty and grace
While we the fleet ſtag do purſue;
While we, &c.
At the deep and harmonious ſweet cry of the hounds,
Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,
Wing'd by terror, he burſts from the foreſt's wide bounds, [grounds
And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the
Yet ſtill, boys we keep him in view,
We keep him in view, we keep him in view, in view;
And tho' like the light'ning, &c.

When chac'd till quite ſpent, he his life doth reſign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's ſhrine;
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,

That hunter ſo mighty of fame.
That hunter, &c.
Our glaſſes then charge to our country and King
Love and beauty; love and beauty;
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially ſing;
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs, till we make the houſe ring,
To all ſportſmen and ſons of the game.
And ſons of the game, and ſons of the game, the game,
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs, &c.

Remember Jack.

WHEN ſcarce a hand-ſpike high,
Death with old dad made free,
So what does I do, but I
Pikes me of to ſea:

Says I to ſweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and ſing with tol lol de rol lol,
If not remember Jack.

I'd fortune ſmooth and rough,
The wind would change and veer;
Till hard knocks I'd napp'd enough,
On board of a privateer:
Propt with a wooden peg,
Poll thought would bid me pack;
So ever forc'd d'ye ſee to beg,
'Twas pray remember Jack.

I aſk'd as folks hove by,
And ſhew'd my wooden pin;
Young girls would ſometimes ſigh,
And ga'ping lubbers grin:
In vain I'd oft times baul,
My hopes were tear aback,

And my ſhare of coppers ſmall,
So pray remember Jack.

One day my locker bare,
And roggs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
Well rigg'd a bearing down:
'Twas Poll, ſhe look'd ſo ſpruce,
What thus ſays ſhe come back;
My tongue forgot its uſe,
So pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate,
She'd ſhiners ſav'd a few,
Soon I became her mate,
W'ant Poll a ſweetheart true:
Then a friend I'd ſerv'd before,
From a long voyage trips back,

Shar'd with I his gold galore,
For he well remembred Jack.

What tho' I loſt my leg,
It my fortune ſeem'd to mend,
Was forc'd d'ye ſee to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend:
Here's the King, Old England, Poll,
My ſhipmate juſt come back,
Then laugh and ſing with tol de rol lol,
And ſo pray remember Jack.

The Wooden Walls of Old England.

THRO' winds and waves in days that are no more,
I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul on ſhore;
In pitch dark nights my reck'ning prov'd ſo true,

I rode out ſafe the hardeſt gale that blew:
And when for fight the ſignal high was ſhewn,
Thro' fire and ſmoke, Bob Boreas ſtill bore down
But tho' my timbers are not fit for ſea,
Old England's wooden walls my toaſt ſhall be.

From age to age, as antient ſtory ſhews,
We rul'd the deep, in ſpite of envious foes;
And ſtill aloft, tho' worlds combine, we'll riſe,
Now all at home are ſplic'd in friendly ties:
In loud broadſides we'll tell both France & Spain
We're own'd by Neptune ſov'reigns of the main.
O! wou'd my timbers were now fit for ſea!
Yet Englands wooden walls my toaſt ſhall be.

The Inſolvent Debtor.

DEvoid of all care, was my morning of life:
And traffic fulfil'd each deſire;

As true and as good as ſhe's fair was my wife,
And my babes liſp'd the joys of their ſire.

But misfortune, dire ſpectre, my hopes did depreſs,
And villany injur'd my fame;
My credit, once great, every moment grew leſs,
And Friendſhip I found but a name.

The hard hearted creditor view'd my diſtreſs,
His ſoul was ne'er form'd to relive;
He plung'd me, alas! in a priſon's receſs,
Depriv'd of all ſenſe but to grieve.

No friend took the pains my dark manſion to ſeek,
My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear,
My children—but why of their woes ſhould I ſpeak—
It drives me, alas, to deſpair.

Sharp misery stings—famine hovers around,
The life-springs of comfort are dry;
No relief for so woe-worn a wretch can be found
But to hide his despair and to die.

The Cobler.

A Cobler there was and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd and he thought himself happy,
If at night he cou'd purchase a cup of brown nappy
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing to so sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends to meet
Derry down, &c.

But love the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thro' the heart,
I wiſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe every day
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler right over the way.
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her love ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Whenever he ſpoke, ſhe would flounce and wou'd tear,
Which put the poor coblor quite into deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd,
He pierc'd through his body inſtead of the ſole,
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

Kate of Dover.

NED FLINT was lov'd by all the ſhip,
Was tender hearted, bold and true;
He'd work his way, or drink his flip,
With e'er a ſeamen in the crew:
Tho' Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
And twice had ſail'd the world all over,
Had ſeen his meſmates oft laid low,
Yet would he ſigh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn, when on the ſhore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave—
Says he, my love. your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive;
Let fortune ſmile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
All cares in gen'rous ſlip I'll drown,
And ſtill be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When, lo! a ſail appear'd in view,
And Ned, with many a tar, was ſlain:
Thus death, who lays each hero low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover,
The tars oft tell the tale of woe,
And heave a ſigh for Kate of Dover.

The Soldier's Grave.

OF all ſenſations pity brings,
To proudly ſwell the ample heart,
From which the willing ſorrow ſprings,
In others grief that bears a part:
Of all ſad ſympathy's delight,
The manly dignity of grief;
A joy in mourning that excites
And gives the anxious mind relief,
Of theſe would you the feeling know,
Moſt gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a ſoldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,
Let dangers come, he braves them all;
Valiant perhaps to be forget,
Or undiſtinguiſh'd doom'd to fall;

Yet wrapp'd in conſcious worth ſecure,
The world that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obſcure,
And quits it with a willing ſmile.
Then traveller one kind drop beſtow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever bid the heart to glow,
Like the tear that bedews a Soldiers grave.

Jack at the Windlass.

COME all hands a-hoy to the anchor,
From friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her,
She'll ſoon take another in tow:

This breeze like the old one may kick us,
About on the boiſterous main;
And one day, if death ſhould not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again.

CHORUS.

With a will-ho, then pull away jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go,
Were in for it, then what folly boys,
For to be down-hearted yo-ho.

Our boatſwain takes care of the rigging,
More eſpecially when he gets drunk,
The bobſtays ſupplies him with ſwigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The ſtudding ſail ſerve for his hammoc,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While enſigns and jacks in a mammoc,
He ſold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho, &c.

Of the purſer this here is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and proviſions he facks,
How he'd look, if you was but to aſk him,
With the Captain's clerk who 'tis goes ſnacks:
O he'd find it another gueſs ſtory,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his Majeſty's honor and glory,
Was only juſt told about that.
With a will-ho, &c.

The Chaplain's both holy and godly,
And ſets up for heaven a-gog,
Yet to my mind he looks rather oddly,
When he's ſwearing and drinking of grog:
When he took on his knee Betſey Bowſer,—
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cry'd I 'which is the way to heaven now Sir!'
'Why you dog,' cry'd the chaplain her arms.
With a will-ho, &c.

The Gunner's a devil of a lubber,
The carſindo can't fiſh a maſt;
The ſurgeon's a lazy land lubber,
The maſter can't ſteer if he's aft:
The lieutenants conceit all are wrapt in,
The mates hardly merit their ſlip,
Nor is there a ſwab but the captain,
Knows the ſtem from the ſtern of the ſhip.
With a will-ho, &c.

Now 'fore and aft having abus'd them,
Juſt but for my folly and gig,
Could I find any one that ill us'd them,
D—m me but I'd tickle his wig:
Jack never was known for a railer,
'Twas fun every word that I ſpoke,
And the ſign of a true hearted ſailor,
Is to give and to take a good joke.
With a will-ho, &c.

Drunken Song.

OH what a misfortune befel me to day,
As I look'd for a pretty young girl,
They tumbled me into a but of ſtrong beer,
I thought to be drowned therein.
Be drowned therein, be drowned therein,
I thought to be drowned therein.

But what is the reaſon I reel thus about,
I'm afraid the beer's got into my head;
I reel to and fro' like a ſhip in a ſtorm,
Oh I wiſh I was ſafe in my bed.
Safe in my bed, &c.

Oh what a misfortune befel me to night,
As I ſwam in a river of beer,
I div'd to the bottom and then up again,
And now behold you all ſee me here.
You all ſee me here, &c.

But what is the reaſon you will not ſtand ſtill,
I find you muſt all be drank up;
I'll put it in my pocket and give it my wife,
And then ſhe will ſleep very well.
Will ſleep very well, &c.

Dicky Gossip.

WHEN I was a younker I firſt was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber ſo dapper and airy;
I next was a carpentar, then turn'd a dentiſt,
Then taylor good Lord, then apothecary.
But for this trade or that,
They all come as pat,
As they can,
For ſhaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and ſawing,
Dicky Goſſip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentift but awkwardly tether,
In both the vocations I ſtill have my ſavings
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpentar both deal in ſhavings
So for this trade, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings ſo various,
I fancy they happen to ſome who are prouder;
I once gave a patient, whoſe health was precarious
A terrible doſe of my beſt ſhaving powder:
But no matter for that,
My trade comes as pat, &c.

The Sailor's Journal.

'TWAS paſt meridian, half paſt four,
By ſignal I from Nancy parted,

At ſix ſhe linger'd on the ſhore,
With uplift hands, and broken hearted;
At ſeven, while taut'ning the fore ſtay,
I ſaw her faint, or elſe 'twas fancy,
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid along adieu to Nancy.

Night and now eight bells had rung,
While careleſs ſailors, ever cheerly,
On the mid watch ſo jovially ſung,
With tempers labour cannot weary;
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts ruſh'd on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouſes,
When o'er the grog all hands delight,
To toaſt their ſweethearts and their ſpouſes;

Round went the cann, the jeſt the glee,
While tender wiſhes fill'd each fancy,
And when in turns it came to me,
I heav'd a ſigh and toaſted Nancy.

Next morn a ſtorm came on at four,
At ſix the elements in motion,
Plung'd me and three poor ſailors more,
Headlong within the foaming ocean;
Poor wretches they ſoon found a grave,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love ſeem'd to forbid the waves,
To ſnatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntleſs we prepar'd for battle;
And now, while ſome lov'd friend or wife,

Like lightning ruſh'd on every fancy.
To Providence I truſted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At laſt, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. diſcover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together;
At ſeven up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears ruſh on each fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd on ſhore,
And to my throbbing heart preſs'd Nancy.

Poor Brown Bess.

THEN farewell thoſe days of glory,
At my griet you well may gueſs,
Oft' have I declar'd my ſtory,
How I lov'd my poor brown Beſs.

Thirty-eight long years in clover,
My fond arms ſhe us'd to bleſs;
Ten long years and more are over,
Since I've hugg'd my poor brown Beſs.

Her ſkin, tho not ſo ſoft and fair as
Some nice dames I muſt confeſs,
Yet as much time and care has
Been employ'd on poor brown Beſs.

Faithful ſtill to every duty,
For parade whene'er I'd dreſs,
Neat and clean, a poliſh'd beauty,
Ever came my poor brown Beſs.

But, alas! thoſe time are paſt now,
Age and wounds my frame poſſeſs;
Death I find approaching faſt now,
So farewell my poor brown Beſs.

In one requeſt, ah! don't oppoſe me,
Ere the turf my corpſe ſhall preſs,
Ere the coffin quite encloſe me,
By my ſide place poor brown Beſs.

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the higheſt hill,
Which riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea,
When ſoft and low a voice was heard,
Say, Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head to aſk who there might be,
She ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With viſage pale and hollow eye;
" O Mary dear cold is my clay,
" It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea,
" Far, far from thee I ſleep in death,
" So Mary, weep no more for me.

" Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
" We toſs'd upon the raging main;
" And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
" But all our ſtriving was in vain:
" E'en then when horror chil'd my blood,
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee!
" The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
" So Mary weep no more for me.

" O maiden dear thyſelf prepare,
" We ſoon ſhall meet upon yon ſhore,
" Where love is free from doubt or care,
" And thou and I ſhall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled,
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
" Sweet Mary weep no more for me."

When firſt this Humble Roof I knew.

WHEN firſt this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I ſtrove;
My grain was ſcarce, my ſheep were few,
My all of life was love.
By mutual toil our board was dreſs'd,
The ſpring our drink beſtow'd;
But when her lip the brim had preſs'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace my dwelling ſhar'd,
No other gueſt came nigh;
In them was given, tho' gold was ſpar'd,
What gold could never buy.
No value has a ſplendid lot,
But as the means to prove,
That from the caſtle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

Lubin of the Hill.

WHERE Loweſtoff waves his yellow corn,
Young Lubin does reſide,
Of lowly ſtate and humble born,
Devoid of fame or pride:
The ſhepherds boſom free from guile,
Knows nought of art or ill,
Yet who can love and ſweetly ſmile,
Like Lubin of the Hill.

Tho' riches ſcorn to deck his cot,
Content around him dwells;
And tho' but few the ſheep he's got,
His fleece all flocks excels:
Rear'd by his care, they friſk and play,
And rove about at will,
Like when I gave my heart away
To Lubin of the Hill.

But Hymen ſoon ſhall join our hands,
Young Lubin has confeſs'd,
And ſure when love cements the bands,
We muſt be truly bleſt;
My hand and heart has long been thine,
And ſhall, my ſhepherd, ſtill,
For who that's married can repine,
With Lubin of the Hill.

I am the Boy in a Battle.

HAST e'er ſeen a hen on a hot girdle?
Has Jack Lantern e'er play'd tricks with thee
Did'ſt e'er ſee a cat and a fiddle,
Then pray judge in a battle of me;
For I am the boy in a battle,
That ne'er yet a moment ſtood ſtill,
Whilſt ſhrill trumpets blow, or drums rattle,
It's in quick running I ſhew my ſkill:
For when whizzing by come the bullets,
And ſoldiers lie down and are dead,
And broad ſwords have ſlit up their gullets,
It's high time to take care of my head.

CHORUS.

Yet ſtill I am the boy in a battle,
Am miſſing when danger is nigh,
At running I beat all their cattle,
And my pay to receive I can fly.

Shot off were your arms in the hurry,
(Though it certainly makes you more light)
You'll find yourſelf in ſuch a flurry,
That no hand you can have in the fight:
Blown off were your legs from their ſtations,
(In dread war's dire chance ſure they might)
Not all the great wiſdom of nations
On a footing can put you to fight:
To looſe a man's head in a battle,
Out of countenance puts him quite,
Hears neither fifes ſqueak, nor drums rattle,
His noſe he can't ſhew in the fight.
Therefore I'm the boy, &c.

A fool's advice take in a battle
And your heels uſe when danger's at hand,
Or when bullets fly and drums rattle,
You may then have no heels on to ſtand:

And then you'll lie down in a battle,
Your enemies laugh at the joke,
Depriv'd of the pleaſure to prattle,
And quite loſt in a torrent of ſmoke:
Then glory comes in with her laurel,
And ſhadows your poor bleeding head,
Tho life you have loſt in the quarrel,
Your fame will live after your dead.

CHORUS.

Then what ſhould I do in a battle,
Nay, 'twere beſt dwell in ſafety like thee;
Nor wait till fame's trump ſound her rattle,
No ſuch grinning honour for me.

The Blind Sailor.

COME never ſeem to mind it,
Nor count your fate a curſe,

However hard you find it,
Yet ſomebody is worſe:
In danger ſome muſt come off ſhort,
Yet why ſhould we deſpair,
For if bold tars are fortune's ſport,
Still are they fortune's care.

Why, when our veſſel blew up,
A fighting that there Don,
Like ſqu bs and crackers blew up
The crew, each mother's ſon—
They ſunk—ſome rigging ſtopt me ſhort,
While twirling in the air;
And thus if tars are fortune's ſport,
Still they are fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portſmouth Common,
Had like to have been my wife
Long-ſide of ſuch a woman,
I'd led a pretty life,

A landſman one Jem Davenport,
She convoy'd to horn-fair:
And thus tho' tars are fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are fortune's care.

A ſplinter knock'd my noſe off,
'My bowſprit's gone!' I cries;
Yet well it kept their blows of,
Thank God 'twas not my eyes.
Chance if again they fan's that ſort,
Let's hope I've had my ſhare;
Thus, if bold tars are fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are fortune's care.

Scarce with theſe words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burſt and doubted,
Both my poor precious glims.
'Well then they're gone,' cried I in ſhort,
'Yet fate my life did ſpare;'

And thus tho' tars are fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are fortune's care.

I'm blind and I'm a cripple,
Yet chearful I would ſing,
Were my diſaſters tripple,
'Cauſe why?—'twas for my King.
Beſides each chriſtian I exhort,
Pleas'd will ſome pittance ſpare;
And thus tho' tars are fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are fortune's care.

A New Comic Song.

QUOTH Hodge, while zwinging on a gate,
If I, vorſooth, could live in ſtate,
And like a King could wear a crown,
And white bread eat inſtead of brown;

And then to keep my guts well greas'd,
Could bolt fat bacon when I pleas'd,
I'd whiſtle all my time away,
And zwing upon a gate all day.

And if a kingdom I could rule,
And zway alike the herring pool,
On roaſted oxen would I dine,
And fiſh by cart loads ſhould be mine;
Then eat up all the birds that fly,
And drink the main Zea Ocean dry,
While whiſtling all my time away,
And zwinging on a gate all day.

And then I'd have a thouſand wives,
To coax and pleaſe me all their lives,
A thouſand horſes too to ride,
A thouſand coaches too beſide;
A thouſand barrels of ſtrong beer,
And thouſand ſuits of coſtly geer;

While zwinging on a gate all day,
And whiſtling all my time away.

And then the zyder's juice to ſqueeze,
I'd have a thouſand apple trees;
And borders make for garden beds,
By cutting off a thouſand heads;
And if a man but look'd awry,
I'd bid my guards ſcoop out his eye,
Whilſt zwinging on a gate all day,
And whiſtling all my time away.

Thus Hodge in fancy took his ſwing,
The gate his kingdom—he a King,
And happy if to wear a crown,
A man there lives like this ſame clown,
'Twere better far, ſhould fate decree
That he was Hodge, tho' Hodge not he;
Then let him whiſtle time away,
And zwing upon a gate all day.

The Sailors Maxim.

OF us tars 'tis reported again and again,
That we ſail round the world yet know nothing of men;
And if this aſſertion is made with a view,
To prove ſailors know of men's follies 'tis true.
How ſhou'd Jack practice treach'ry, diſguiſe and foul art,
In whoſe honeſt face, you may read his fair heart
Of that maxim ſtill ready example to give,
Better death earn'd with honour than ignobly live.

How can he wholeſome truth's admonitions defy
On whoſe manly brow never ſat a foul lie;
Or the free-born protector how virtue offend,
To a foe how be cruel? how ruin a friend?
If in danger he riſk his profeſſional ſtrife,
There his honour is ſafe tho' he venture his life.

But that maxim ſtill ready example to give.
Better death earn'd with honour than ignobly live
But to put it at worſt from fair truth cou'd he ſwerve,
And betray the kind friend he pretended to ſerve,
While ſnares laid with craft his fair honour trepan,
Man betray him to error, himſelf but a man!
If Repentance and ſhame to his aid come too late,
Wonder not if in battle he ruſh on his fate.
Of that maxim ſtill ready example to give,
Better death earn'd with honour than ignobly live.

One Bottle more.

ASSIST me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
To ſing in the praiſe of old Ireland's iſle,

Where true hoſpitality opens the door,
And friendſhip detains us for one bottle more.
One bottle more more, arra', one bottle more;
And friendſhip detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear,
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and ſincere,
For if but one bottle remain'd in our ſtore
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

In Candy's in Church-ſtreet I'll ſing of a ſet,
Of ſix Iriſh blades who together had met;
Four bottles a piece made us call for our ſcore,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid we were loath to depart,
For friendſhip had grappl'd each man by the heart
Where the leaſt touch you know makes an Iriſh-
man roar, [more.
And the whack from Shilela brought ſix bottles

Slow Phœbus had ſhone through our windows
ſo bright,
Quite happy to view his bleſt children of light;
So we parted with hearts neither ſorry nor ſore
Reſolving next night to drink twelve bottles more

The Mid-watch.

WHEN it is night, and the mid-watch is come
And chilling miſts hang o'er the darken'd
main,
Then ſailors think of their far diſtant home,
And of thoſe friends they ne'er may ſee again.
But when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er your mind
Think, only, ſhould the day be won,

How 'twill cheer
Their hearts, to hear
That their old companion—he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a miſtreſs kind
Have left on ſhore,—ſo ne pretty girl and true
Who many a night doth liſten to the wind,
And ſigh to think how it may fare with you;
O! when the fight's begun,
And ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think, only ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart, to hear
That her own true ſailor—he was one.

Ellen.

NEAR bow'ry Richmond, Thames' pride,
Dwelt Ellen when her father dy'd;
One ſnowy night he loſt way,
And never more beheld the day:
Two infant boys around the mother clung,
And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.

Upon the earth her eyes ſhe threw,
The flow'rets wild around her grew;
Thoſe gifts by bounteous nature ſpread,
She gather'd to procure them bread:
And thro' the hollow ſounding ſtreets,
By few reliev'd but jeer'd by many,
Her cry each morning ſhe repeats,
Primroſes, primroſes, two bunches a penny.

Her penſive way I've ſeen her keep,
With anxious ſtep from door to door;
And oft I've turn'd aſide to weep,
And mourn'd that fortune made me poor.
'Ere early light adorns the ſky,
She roves the heath and valley fenny,
And tow'rds proud London haſtes to cry,
Primroſes, primroſes, two bunches a penny.

Plato's Advice.

SAYS Plato, why ſhould man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why looketh he with inſolent diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate!
Can coſtly robes or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or eaſe the brow of care.

The ſepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie:
Go, ſearch the tombs where monarch's reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
When ſhot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
Diſſolves to common air again:
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

When once the Gods.

WHEN once the Gods like us below,
To keep it up deſign,
Their goblets with freſh nectar flow,
Which makes them more divine.
Since drinking defies the ſoul,
Let's puſh about the flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

The glittering ſtar and ribbon blue,
That deck the courtier's breaſt,
May hide a heart of blackeſt hue,
Though by the king careſs'd.
Let him in pride and ſplendour roll,
We'er happier o'er a flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriot's rave,
And damn the courtly crew,

Becauſe like them, they want to have,
The loaves and fiſhes too.
I care not who divides the cole,
So I can ſhare a flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord-chief juſtice be,
Sir Fletcher ſpeaker ſtill,
At home let Rodney rule the ſea,
And Pitt the treaſury fill.
No place I want throughout the whole,
I want an ever-flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

11 EE 63

The ſon wants ſquare-toes at old Nick,
And Miſs is mad to wed;
The doctor wants us to be ſick,
The undertaker dead.
All have their wants from pole to pole,
I want an ever-flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

TOASTS

AND

SENTIMENTS.

LOYALTY with ſervility, and freedom without faction.

May proſperity be the guardian of adverſity.

May the miſer live unfriended, and die unlamented.

May our love of the glaſs never make us forget decency

May the bluſh of conſcious innocence ever deck the faces of the Britiſh fair.

May the Britiſh loaf never exceed the reach of the pooreſt.

May the honeſt heart never know diſtreſs.

The fruit of good deeds to the winter of our days.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others never ſhed a tear for its own.

The ſun-ſhine of plenty to the retreat of goodneſs

woman we love and the friend we dare trust.
honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.
the wings of liberty never lose a feather
he who has spirit to resent a wrong, have a heart to forgive it.
itude to our friends, and generosity to our enemies.
the poor merit esteem and the rich veneration.
beauty never be ditched in sheets till properly bound
the smiles of the fair reward the efforts of the brave
virtue in distress always meet a liberal protector.
lovers of virtue in the arms of beauty.
ority to the liberty of the press.
's magic ring on the middle finger.
Britons be as averse to invading the rights of others
as zealous in maintaining their own
the tear of misery be dried by the hand of commiseration.
11 FE 63
the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hypocrite a black one.

FINIS.